

Don't Be Penny Wise and Pound Foolish

Don't think because you can get a big can of Baking Powder for little money that you are saving anything.

There's Only One Way to Save on Bake-Day, Use

CALUMET

The Economy BAKING POWDER



—It costs only a fraction of a cent for each baking.

—You use less because it contains more than the ordinary leavening strength.

The sales of Calumet are over 150% greater than that of any other baking powder.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Farm and Home News From Over Kentucky

Better feeding of hens so that they will lay more eggs in winter is getting attention from Morgan county farmers. County Agent R. B. Rankin says. Five of them recently made orders for tankage in order to supply their hens with animal protein, one of the things required in the ration before hens can lay the largest number of eggs.

Junior agricultural club work not only is helping to keep Harlan county farm boys and girls satisfied with their lot in the country but also is helping many of them swell their bank accounts. County Agent Robert T. Harrison reports. During the past

summer, one club member in the county made more than \$115 from one-tenth of an acre of tomatoes and another made a total of \$338.56 from her garden on one-fifth of an acre. Crittenden county farmers are taking steps to replace scrub breeding animals of the county with purebreds, according to reports of County Agent John R. Spencer. In one week recently 45 of them joined the nation-wide Better Sires-Better Stock campaign by agreeing to use nothing but purebred sires in all their breeding work.

Grayson county banks are co-operating with County Agent R. W. Seearce and the extension division of the College of Agriculture at Lexington in helping farmers in that section of the state put their farm business

on a basis where it will pay a profit year after year. The Bank of Caneyville and the Bank of Clarkson will each furnish County Agent Seearce with 50 farm account books that will be distributed to 100 farmers so that they can keep systematic record of their business the coming year.

Fayette county farmers are showing increasing interest in the grading and better methods of marketing their farm products. County Agent W. R. Gabbert says. Good attendance and keen interest have marked recent demonstrations held over the county to show burley growers how to strip and grade their leaf crop.

Trade at Home

The Stores in Your Home Section Deserve Your Fullest Help and Co-operation

Civic pride should prompt anyone to patronize their home town stores. Remember—a dollar is round, and goes in a circle. If the stores of your town do not prosper, you lose also, because there is bound to be less community business, less need for labor, and where there is little need for labor, capital, which is nothing more than money, is driven away and no new improvements are made.

There is no need to spend or send your money out of your town for hardware when you have a store that can and is always ready to serve you satisfactorily. This is your store—we call this your store because you are at liberty to come or go as you please—to buy what you want at a reasonable price—where you can obtain courteous service and hardware satisfaction.

Even a child can buy here safely because we have but one price—a fair price. Our courteous service is the same to every man, woman and child—the same attention is given to a ten-cent purchase as to a ten dollar purchase. Our quick willingness to make good on every purchase and our guarantee of satisfaction insures you against loss and trouble. The same applies to phone orders—you can telephone your wants with complete confidence and the knowledge that if anything is wrong it will be made right.

Help yourself and help your Town Trade at Home.

ANTIQUES

By JULIA A. ROBINSON

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mr. Gage and his wife were getting feeble. "They're growing old," folks said of them. Mr. Gage could no longer work all day on his farm.

Mrs. Gage gazed about the rooms of the house where they had always lived. "We've got more things than we need, father," she observed.

"We needed 'em once, mother," he returned.

"But they ain't good for much now," she protested, "they're kinder in the way."

"Mebby they be, mother, but they've done good service in their day."

"Look at them chairs. We had 'em when we first set up housekeeping—do you remember? But they're old now."

"Yes, I remember; nigh onto 50 years, ain't it?"

"Fifty-five, father," she corrected.

"That so? We're gettin' old, but we ain't outgrown each other, if things have wore out a bit," he chuckled, a twinkle in his eye.

"Then chairs cost a heap o' money," she went on. "If we'd a put it in the bank we'd have something to live on now."

"An' there's the sideboard," she continued. "We paid \$10 for that, an' 'tain't a mite o' good to us now."

"But it has been o' use, mother," he protested.

"An' all the parlor things," she continued. "We don't use 'em. We don't have no occasion to go into the parlor now."

They settled down to their quiet evening by the kitchen stove. It was not often that "mother" worried about money matters, and she soon forgot.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Gage were sitting at their late breakfast. The table was set with the blue china they used for the past 55 years, the pewter custard, the sugar bowl of curious design, the two-tined forks.

There came a knock at the back door. A man walked in, of keen, businesslike appearance.

"Thought 'twas most likely I'd find you in the kitchen," he announced. "It's the best room in the house, now ain't it? I always love a kitchen!"

He looked about the room.

"I do love old things! You've got a lot of 'em. That old blue china, now. I'm interested in that. Must be quite old? Yes, I thought so. And this pewter! These chairs—you must have had 'em—"

"Fifty-five years!" Mrs. Gage boasted.

"Ah! That's a long time—and this sideboard—ever think of selling 'em?" Mrs. Gage flushed. "They ain't worth much. Where could we sell 'em?"

"Tell you what," the man considered. "I do a little in that line myself, just collecting, you see, a few old things like yours. I might find something here. Now, if you wanted a little money, 'twould come in handy. We might make some kind of a bargain. You can't use all this stuff."

"No, it's in the way," Mrs. Gage answered, but her husband said nothing.

"I'll give you two dollars apiece for those chairs," he offered.

"Oh, will you?" she gasped. "'ou can have 'em—all of 'em. We don't need 'em."

"And the sideboard—I'll give you \$50 for that."

Mrs. Gage could hardly believe her ears. Her things were worth something. They would be rich!

The sale continued. The man went from attic to cellar, picking out the things he wanted. "You needn't fear coming to want," he said. "You'll have enough for the rest of your lives. My man's outside. He'll take this truck out of your way."

They had come to the big four-poster in the attic. Then Mr. Gage spoke for the first time. "Mother," he whispered. "You an' me slept on that when we was first married. All our babies has slept on it."

"So they have, father." Somehow, money didn't look so important to her now. "We won't let that go."

"And the crib, mother—he's taking that! Our first baby that died slept in that—"

Tears were in the woman's eyes. "He can't have that!" she cried.

Mrs. Gage's feelings were beginning to change. Things were very precious to her now. It would be like parting with the children over again to let these go. One by one they went over the things the man had set aside. Each one had dear associations. Even the kitchen chairs had priceless memories—of Thanksgivings and festivals; the sideboard, where the little ones had been measured, each year coming up a little nearer to the top, where the tempting fruit was displayed. "We can't spare one!" mother decided.

How could she have thought to let them go? The old china, her mother's. No one would prize it as she did. "We won't let him have 'em," whispered her husband, taking her hand.

The stranger spoke. "Here's your money, madam. I'm in a hurry."

She faced him. "I don't want your money. The things are ours. You can't have one of 'em!"

Mr. and Mrs. Gage sat down by the kitchen stove. He stroked his wife's hand softly. "We've got each other, mother, and we've got our good old things," he chuckled. "Guess we can go on a little longer, and we'll be happy together."

He Didn't Believe In Banks



The man who does not believe in banks soon acquires a reputation for his peculiarity.

Sneak thieves watch to see where he hides his hoard, and make away with it at the first opportunity. A bolder brand of thieves tour the country hunting for persons who do not believe in banks. They do not wait to spy out the hiding place of the hoard; they torture the unfortunates until they get the hidden money.

Put your money in this bank—it will be safe here, and you will be safe, too.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK.

Less Than Half of Stover in State Put to Best Use

Less than half of the 2,500,000 tons of corn stover produced in Kentucky each year is used to the best advantage by farmers of the state for feed or fertilizer, according to estimates by soils and crops specialists of the College of Agriculture.

In view of the fact that corn is the chief stock feed in the state, the grain is used carefully while the stover often does not get the attention

due it. Some farmers are exceptions to this and put the whole stalk in the silo while others cut their corn and put it in the shock. However, from one and a half to two million tons of the two and a half million produced in the state are left in the field and are only partly grazed, left to go to the land or blow away.

No, there's no danger of this country going to the dogs. The dogs run too fast.

Easter Sunday generally finds the front seats occupied by women. The men would be there too if they could wear their new hats in church.

W. O. RIGNEY

W. B. DICKERSON

W. O. RIGNEY & CO.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Office Phone 18.

Residence Phone 33.

Lancaster.

Kentucky.

Mohammedans Favor Violet. The violet is the flower of the Mohammedan religion and violet is the mourning color of its followers.

Bringing the Dead to Life. Many apparently dead persons have been resuscitated by injecting into the heart one cubic centimeter of a 1 in 1,000 solution of either adrenalin or pituitrin; the injection is made into the left intercostal space one or two finger breadths to the left of the sternal border.—Scientific American.

An Old Editorial. A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Proverbs 18:24

Ask the Wife. Why is it that some men will take counsel with everybody else sooner than they will with their wives? If they would go to her first and do as she advises, there would be fewer men down on their luck at the present time.—Farm Life.

'Between Two Lives'

PLAYERS ARE PROFESSORS FROM THE AGRICULTURAL AND HOME ECONOMIC DEPARTMENT OF BEREA COLLEGE.

The Great Farm and Home Play

THE DRAMA

The passing of the old and the coming of the new in country life

Saturday Night, Dec. 16

7:30 o'clock

School Auditorium, Lancaster.

3-BIG ACTS-3

Staged

LEARN and LAUGH LAUGH and LEARN

Children--25cts.--Adults--35cts.

We bet 25 and 35 cents you don't miss it.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

The Cast of Characters are Unequaled

This Bank Is Worth Money To You.

Are you carrying a "roll" of money around in your pocket? If so it is not earning anything for you. Possibly it is being frittered away little by little.

TRY the better way, the profitable way. Open a savings account and keep your money in this bank. It won't fritter, but it WILL earn interest for you.



4 PER CENT PAID ON TIME AND SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

The Garrard Bank & Trust Co

WE SELL TRAVELLERS CHEQUES PAYABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.